Sarah Jane.

Far to the north, where pines and snow-drifts be,
There is a realm of river known as Maine.
All winter there the fierce winds whistle free,
And people shovel snow with toil and pain.
And yet it has an interest for me,
Because it is the home of Sarah Jane.

A very charming girl is Sarah Jane,
But prouder, loftier, colder, none can be.
Whether it is because she dwells in Maine,
Where girls, like pines, grow strong and straight and free,
I can not say; I only know, with pain,
That though so charming, she is cold to me.

And this, alas! is very hard for me,
Because I am so fond of Sarah Jane.
No suitor could more true and loyal be;
There beats not in the whole extent of Maine
A heart from guile and fickleness more free,
And her unkindness gives me keenest pain.

But yet she scorns and ridicules my pain,
And utterly contemns my love and me.
There seems no softer side to Sarah Jane;
Her native lakes can no more frosty be
When zero slips from Greenland down to Maine,
Binds every wave, and leaves no ripple free.

Soon May will come and set the waters free,
And lift the winter's paralyzing pain;
But will the sunshine warm her heart to me?
Will even dog-days melt my Sarah Jane?
If I could but believe that this might be,
What rays of hope would radiate from Maine.

How with the bluebird would I fly to Maine,
With speed as tireless and with wing as free,
Forgetting all my former doubt and pain,
If only she at last would turn to me,
My radiant and relenting Sarah Jane,
Her heart's thawed side! But will it ever be?

Would it could be! Would I were now in Maine!
How would my pain depart and leave me free!
O Fate, give me to win my Sarah Jane!

—H. E. S., in Editor's Drawer, Harper's Magazine for August.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

It was a lovely rural home, and was called "The Lilacs," but it might as well have had any other name suggestive of bloom and fragrance.

It could as appropriately have been designated "Hawthorn Bower," for in June the house was almost buried under the scented snow of the great thorn trees which stood around it, their towering heads and spreading arms laden with that summer glory.

But the place had always been known as "The Lilacs" since Aunt Barbara's father had brought his young wife home to it on a day when the lilac trees were gorgeous with pyramids of flowers and all the perfumed air redolent of their greeting.

In due time the first occupants of the homestead slept in the churchyard, and their son Roger Lincoln ruled in their stead. His wife died early and he did not long survive her.

Then his sister Barbara settled permanently at "The Lilacs" with her little Katharine, the orphan child of her dead brother.

A pleasant home the two, so dissimilar, made for each other, and farm and orchard and kitchen-garden and grape-wall prospered under the administration of the judicious woman, who might otherwise have been lonely and unoccupied.

Ten years after the death of Roger Lincoln his only child had grown to lovely maidenhood. Tall and graceful, with a white-rose complexion and thoughtful eyes, deeply blue as an English violet, she was as unlike the ordinary type of girlhood as the silvery *fleur de lis*, which glimmered, lustrous and pale, amongst the gaudier flowers of the quaint old garden was different from common blooms.

There was another Katharine, a daughter of another Roger Lincoln, who was cousin to the late owner of "The Lilacs;" a pretty little brunette, brisk and vivacious as a canary bird, petted and fondled by everybody, including kind Aunt Barbara and her beautiful cousin. But she was only Katie, while the young mistress of "The Lilacs" was always Katharine.

Neither of these girls lacked lovers, but Katharine of "The Lilacs" took the homage that came in her way with a careless, unresponsive grace and sweetness which, in spite of their ardor, chilled the hopes of her most eager admirers.

She had not always been so indifferent. A certain Walter Gooderich, who had loved her well enough to be blind and unreasonable, had, a year previous, in a fit of jealous pique, hastily joined a party of young men equipped for Australia, and had taken with him, though he was ignorant of the fact, the joy and interest of her life.

Not so the piquant little Katie. She liked to have the commonplace of daily life seasoned with the pleasant condiment of admiration, and was a tormenting witch at all times, with a love of mischief that rendered her a little dangerous.

Very dangerous she was to the peace and composure of one of her neighbors, a rather gigantic young man, whose deliberate plans and ideas harmonized with his unusual stature and unhurried actions.

It was not possible to see a greater contrast between two beings of the same race than was to found in Charles Bertram and Katie Lincoln, and people wondered that, leisurely as he was, he was always at hand and serviceable when any freak of hers was in progress. She teased and transported him alternately with her magical wiles, and had no more compassion for his woes when she made him miserable than might have been expected from such a sprite.

But the wise marveled in vain, for he loved her caprice and naughtiness better than the good behavior of anybody else, and it was the habit of seeking comfort and sympathy from the other Katharine and his custom of taking refuge with her in those periods of doubt and despondency common to lovers which had awakened the jealousy of Walter Gooderich, who misinterpreted these confidences, and led to his sudden departure for the antipodes.

But a shock which had more than one mission was preparing for the sprightly little damsel, who as yet had never known a sorrow.

Her father, Roger Lincoln, owned an extensive piece of woodland upon which was some fine timber. From this property he made an annual sale which was very important to him.

He rode out one morning to this forest lot, where his men were at work. Some were trimming and shaping the huge fallen logs for transportation, and the rhythmical strokes of the distant choppers resounded amongst the grand old trees selected for a like destination.

Leaving the first group of men, he went over to the other, when, from some inadvertence on his own part or that of the laborers, he was crushed beneath a falling pine and instantly killed.

This was a terrible blow to Katie, who had been her father's spoilt darling, and in her great grief she turned instinctively to the generous heart and protecting arms ready to shield and comfort her.

And Charles Bertram's faithfulness had its reward, for when Roger Lincoln had been six months dead he pleaded so earnestly for the right to shelter for all her days the sobered little maiden who now in her weakness nestled to him so confidingly that Aunt Barbara thought he was right, and spoke seriously to the widow, upon whose feelings hope and joy jarred keenly.

"Consent," said she. "Katie is willing if you are. It is a good settlement for the child. She shall have her wedding at 'The Lilacs' if you will let me take that off your hand, for they are full enough already."

And it was so concluded. While these things were in progress, there came one day to "The Lilacs" a letter for Aunt Barbara. Walter Gooderich had been absent and silent for more than a year, but here were tidings of him at last.

It was not a very pronounced letter, but it was written with evident feeling and a shade of humility which showed his willingness to renew a former intercourse. He begged Aunt Barbara to write to him, and in conclusion asked if Katharine was still unmarried.

The letter was answered kindly, but with some reticence. The writer did not volunteer any family news. She did not mention Roger Lincoln's death or his daughter's approaching marriage. To the question about her niece, Aunt Barbara replied that Katharine and she were living happily together, as of old; but she was not diffuse upon that point, although she knew, and was glad to know, why that information was wanted.

Walter would have liked to hear something more definite, but felt that he had no right to complain when the assurance he obtained lifted from his heart a burden of anxiety and dread.

He wrote again without delay, saying that he was tired of his present life and longed to see home once more; that he was arranging for his journey to the coast, and would embark at the nearest seaport. He was bringing home some money, he said, and should have to look for safe company on the lonely route from the interior, but he should not be very long behind his letter.

Then Katharine's sweet eyes lost the look of pain which had haunted them, and her cheek rounded again with the warm, tender bloom which in her was so much lovelier than distinct color; but she and Aunt Barbara kept their own counsel respecting that which had wrought the change.

Katie was married and gone to her new home; and to Katharine the summer days followed one another in sweet and happy expectation until earth seemed more blessed than heaven.

But as the days grew into weeks and months and Walter Gooderich came not, nor was heard of any more, an undefined terror usurped the place of that blissful security, until as time went on, she roamed aimlessly about, wan and restless as a perturbed ghost.

Aunt Barbara had little consolation to offer, but Katharine knew that she could not have lived through those dark days had it not been for the steadfast spirit and affectionate, though almost silent, sympathy of the elder woman.

Neither of them ever blamed him openly. Katharine could not, and her aunt was too wise to pierce her aching heart with harsh words of the man it cherished.

Once the girl said: "What can it mean, auntie? Could he have changed his mind after writing that second letter, taken up some new project, and forgotten me?"

"He could not be so wicked, dear," said her aunt. "Only a fool or a heartless man could possibly act in that way, and he was neither."

"Then he is dead," said Katharine—"murdered, perhaps, on his way to the coast. He said he should have money with him; and we shall never know," she added with a shudder.

Aunt Barbara looked at the pathetic face, which had grown so white at this ghostly imagination, and, taking the unhappy girl into her arms, said, while she kissed her fondly:

"Trust in the compassion of God, my darling. He sees it all."

Two years more had gone by, and time, the great consoler, had somewhat blunted the keenness of that first anguish. Aunt Barbara sometimes thought that "grief was past and hope was dead," when some chance allusion to Walter Gooderich, or some careless speculation as to his protracted absence, would so cruelly unsettle Katharine that she saw the young, tenacious heart had not attained even to the place of despair.

Aunt Barbara was not an old woman, but she had been, and still was, an active one; and she was now growing old enough to need an hour of rest and slumber in the long afternoons.

One lovely June evening, while there were still some hours of daylight left, she sat in her cushioned chair, with her feet comfortably propped by Katharine's careful hands, enjoying her usual repose.

She slept later than common, but Katharine would not waken her.

The round tea-table was laid in the bay window. A large cluster of lovely scarlet japonica, with its gold-fringed heart and dark shining foliage, flowed in its midst; and the early climbing roses outside dropped their flickering shadows upon the pure white cover.

It was a serene picture, with no visible discordance, but Katharine's thoughts had wandered away to the wide Australian pastures, and with a restless sigh she rose and went out into the fragrant garden.

The air was filled with the odor of lilac and hawthorn blossoms.

The birds were caroling in the scented trees, and she remembered with an irresistible pang that the scene was exactly such as it had been when she last saw Walter Gooderich. She was walking in the peach-orchard with Charlie Bertram, and her lover had gone away in jealous anger, and she had seen him no more.

The lines of the old ballad came to her mind.

To the bush comes the bud and the leaf to the plain,
But the good and the brave they come never again.

For she was sure he had been good and true, and she would think no ill of him now.

She had been grower calmer of late, but here was the battle to fight over again. She sat down wearily on the rustic bench, under the thorn tree which stood upon the lawn, and her mute passion said:

"Have I not suffered enough? If it be possible, teach me to submit and forget!"

She sat with her back to the front gate of the grounds, and did not observe the entrance of a man, who was proceeding directly up the graveled path to the house when his eye caught the flutter of her light dress.

He stepped upon the noiseless turf and walked rapidly toward her.

Before she looked at him he was almost beside her. Then she gazed at him with absolute fear. For an instant she was not sure that she saw a living man.

He held out both hands, saying: "Katharine, have you forgotten me?"

If he had looked well and happy, his unexplained conduct might even then have hardened her heart to him, but he was so pale and haggard from present emotion and recent illness that she cried out, "Walter! Walter!" and clung to his breast like a child.

The reason of his strange behavior was simple enough and soon told, though not very coherently until the explanation was repeated to Aunt Barbara.

He had reached safely the port from which he proposed to embark, shortly after writing his second letter. It was the same at which he and his friends had landed on their arrival in Australia.

One of his companions had found employment there in a mercantile house and had gone no further.

Walter went to see this friend before leaving for home, and the young man had given him a bundle of newspapers from their old home.

He opened one of them, and, turning to that column which always carries fateful tidings somewhere, read that:

On the 5th of April, at "The Lilacs," New Hampshire, Charles Bertram was married to Katharine, daughter of the late Roger Lincoln.

Daughter of the *late* Roger Lincoln. That left no room for doubt. He made no sign, but went back to the occupation he had left so hopefully with a wrung and bitter heart.

Stubborn pride had helped him to bear his loneliness and disappointment for nearly two years, but he broke down at last, and after a serious illness he decided, with a longing that seemed unaccountable even to himself, to make for home once more.

And now he was here, a wiser but *not* a sadder man.—*Kalola, in Chicago Times.*

"The Bridge of Sighs."

"The bridge of sighs" is one of the objects of interest pointed out to all visitors to the Tombs prison. It is a narrow plank walk extending from the second tier of the male prison to the court of special sessions. On either side is an iron railing. At one end is the heavy iron prison door, and at the other the iron door opening into the court-room.

The name is an appropriate one, for since the bridge was constructed, many years ago, multitudes of wretched men and women have passed over it with bowed heads and bitter thoughts. Sighs over separation of man and wife, parents and children—sighs over a useful existence wrecked by the folly of a moment—sighs of old and young, educated and ignorant—have been uttered by countless thousands in the past, and are heard from many in the present.

The origin of the name is not clear. Within the memory of the oldest prison official living the walk has always borne that title. There is a rumor that in the dim past it went without a distinguished name, and that it was first called "the bridge of sighs" by an imaginative newspaper man after witnessing a particularly affecting scene upon it, in which a young and handsome girl, who had just been convicted, figured as the principal. But however the name originated it has clung to the walk ever since, and will undoubtedly continue to do so as long as the structure itself lasts.

"The bridge of sighs" does not include among the host of offenders who annually cross it any of the most notorious criminals who are arrested. Murderers, burglars, highwaymen, and the like pass under it, but not over it. Its passengers are petty offenders—wife-beaters, sneak-thieves, swindlers on a small scale, persons convicted of assault and battery, and those found guilty of misdemeanors of various kinds. Five thousand men and women on an average are each year arraigned in the special sessions, and of this number about two-thirds are convicted and pass over the "bridge of sighs" to their prison cells, there to await transportation to Blackwell's island.

But although their offenses are of the less grievous kind, there is no lack of sorrowful leave-taking, no end of heart-rending incidents. Many a young man or woman here starts upon a career that eventually leads to long years of imprisonment in the penitentiary or state prison. It is not the hardened offender who weeps over his sentence as "the bridge of sighs" stretches out before him at the beginning of his punishment, but the man or woman who, until then of unblemished reputation, leaves friends, relatives, home and position behind, and sees ahead the convict's dress and cell.—*New York Herald.*

It Was All She Had.

"I run across many little incidents in my line of business that affect me greatly," said an officer of one of the charitable societies to a New York *Herald* reporter yesterday, "but I do not know when I have been more impressed by any story than I was to-day by one which shows that, however fallen human nature may be, there is some good left in it, after all.

"The story was of a young woman who, originally deceived by a scamp, had kept on the downward course. A short time ago she was reading a paper, when she happened to notice a case of destitution. A man named Donovan, with a wife and a number of helpless children, had been stricken down with a severe attack of rheumatism. The family was starving and the landlord was about to turn them all out into the street.

"The young woman's heart was touched at this tale of misery. She put on her hat and started at once for the house. Arrived there, she found that the newspaper account had not been overdrawn. Taking out her pocket-book she ascertained that all the money she had in the world was a $5 bill. This she slipped into the wife's hand and left.

"It was raining hard at the time. The young woman had not even car fare left, but without a murmur she tramped to her residence, a long distance, through the heavy down-pour."

A correspondent says he never looks at an asphalt pavement or rolls along over its smooth surface in a carriage without thinking of the curious island and the still more singular place from which the material is procured. In about the center of the island of Trinidad, a dot in the Carribbean Sea, just off the coast of Venezuela, there is an asphalt lake. It is said to cover about 100 acres, and is apparently inexhaustible. It is a black, sandy substance, and is believed to be crude rotten petroleum. A singular feature of the substance is that, although about 50,000 tons are taken out of this lake annually, it constantly fills up, so that there is no lessening of the supply. This singular lake of paving material is owned by the Venezuelian Government, but is leased to a company in Washington. They have a fleet of schooners running to Trinidad, and, having a monopoly of the business, they import vast quantities of the material.

The First Locomotive Bell.

"Did you know Captain Ayers?" said a well-known railroad man to a friend yesterday. "Well, he was famous for two things. He was the conductor of the first through train on the Erie from tide-water to the great lakes, and he was the inventor of the bell-rope by which train-men signal the engineer. He was familiarly known as Poppy. Trains on the Erie, when Captain Ayers was first employed, were few and far between. Passengers never thought of buying tickets, but paid fares on the train. In case a passenger was obstreperous and refused to pay up, there was no way of stopping the train to eject him, and so people were frequently carried from one station to another without paying anything for it.

"Poppy Ayers was running a train between Piermont and Turner's, which was the western terminus of the road at the time. The engineer of the train was a big, burly German, who, like all engineers in those days, regarded himself as the master of the train, the conductor being simply a machine to take fares. One day Poppy had been bothered more than usual on this train by stubborn passengers, and he got to thinking how he could establish communication between himself and the engineer while the train was in motion, and an idea struck him. When he got to Turner's he obtained a section of clothes-line long enough to reach from the engine to the rear of the train. He tied a stick of wood to one end of the rope and fixed it in the engineer's cab, so that when he ran the rope back over the train and pulled on it the stick would be agitated. Then he explained to the engineer the idea, and told him whenever he saw the stick move up and down he must stop the train, for there would be some one on the train who ought to be thrown off. This innovation was resisted by the engineer as an infringement on his rights and the dignity of his office. It was virtually placing the train at the order of the conductor—a thing that could not for a moment be tolerated. So when the train started he removed the stick of wood that dangled near his head and tied the rope fast. Poppy Ayres persisted in tying the wood on the rope and the engineer persisted in ignoring his authority, until one day Poppy, after tying the wood to the rope and hanging it in the cab, turned to the engineer and, taking him by the throat, exclaimed:

"Now, you pig-headed idiot, which will you do, let that stick alone and stop the train when I pull the rope, or will you take the [illegible] licking you ever heard tell of?"

"The engineer weakened and said he'd mind the signal. [illegible] Shortly after that Poppy hitched a cow-bell in the cab [illegible] of wood. Whenever [illegible] sounded the train was brought to a stand in short order, and [illegible] passenger knew that he must either come down with his fare or get hustled out between stations regardless of circumstances. At one stroke Poppy Ayers subordinated the engineer to the conductor and increased the revenue of the company."—*N. Y. [illegible]*

The Bagman's Story.

It was a cold winter's night in the latter part——

No, on second thoughts——

The biting wind came howling across the downs, and——

Well—at any rate, it was a nasty night. And as the door of the cozy Red Lion closed behind me, and shut out the blessed vision of [illegible] nose and lip [illegible] of English fiction that sound a good deal better than they taste, the night seemed to take on a blacker [illegible] in contrast with the comfort within.

All bagmen have noticed this peculiarity of nights.

I had a long journey before me, and in the pockets of my trousers was concealed the sum of £1,259 17 6—say, four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine pun seventeen and six. I had received this from mine host of the Red Lion in change for a £5,000 note, which I had been obliged to tender in payment for my last round, as I had nothing smaller.

Hence it was that, notwithstanding the large amount of fluid courage I had concealed beneath my waistcoat, I felt a trifle timid. However, I buttoned my great-coat closely about me, and pushed deviously out into the night.

My way lay through Sheepcott street and Pie lane to High Houseboro and the Hennery, a lonely walk at all times, as the reader knows, or will pretend to, rather than own to never having been in Lunnon, and absolutely deserted at this late hour.

I had gone perhaps half a mile when I became conscious that I was being followed. I stopped and peered into the darkness. An opportune flash of lightning revealed the dark and sinister features of a man whom I remembered to have seen in the coffee-room of the Red Lion.

[We have taken the liberty of eliminating at this point thirty-seven sheets of MS., solely designed by the writer to increase the amount of our check, at regular column rates.—Ed.]

I had reached the loneliest part of the Hennery, and was congratulating myself upon having eluded my pursuer, when I suddenly beheld him standing directly in my path. He held a large pistol in each hand, and through the darkness I could see his fierce eyes glaring into mine. I had not time to speak or move before he said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but can you direct me to a gunsmith's?—I am a stranger in town."

I gave him the required information, but my hair, which had been of raven blackness when I left the Red Lion, had become white as snow during the fifty years that have elapsed since that night.—*[illegible]*

Danger of Licking Postage Stamps.

A peculiar case occurred in London, Eng., a short while since, which illustrates the danger [illegible]. The recipient of a letter, but [illegible] contents, [illegible] another, [illegible] been [illegible] saliva of a [illegible] doses of [illegible]. The result [illegible] ness, with [illegible] ing. The [illegible] of a subject [illegible] rendered [illegible] chief. And [illegible] consulted [illegible] tongue, which [illegible] the gum [illegible] thought the [illegible] sequently [illegible]. The common [illegible] act as [illegible] may seem incredible [illegible] to the physician it is [illegible] frequently [illegible] many [illegible] that the mucous [illegible] of the mouth is generally [illegible], which prevents absorption.—*[illegible] Transcript.*

TRAPPIST MONASTERY AT OKA.

The building is situated on an eminence that commands the whole of the beautiful lake and the mountains from which it derives its name. The monastery itself is a large square building, solidly built of wood on a stone foundation, built at the expense of the Dominion government, which also gives an annual grant to help support the institution. This order has only been established in Canada about two years. They were driven out of France during the late political troubles there, and forbidden ever to return. They being thus cast upon the world, naturally sought protection in the province of Quebec, that great stronghold of Romanism. It is pretty generally known that these monks are the most rigorous of any order. They are also of very ancient origin; they were founded in the sixth century by the abbot of La Trappe; they were reformed in the year 1150, again in 1600.

The driver, who performed the office of guide and interpreter, soon made the attendant in charge understand that the lady and gentleman wished to inspect the institution. He was answered by a very low bow, speech being strictly forbidden unless by permission of the Father Superior of the monastery. However, he went to communicate with that gentleman, who soon came forward and urbanely welcomed his guests in good English with a French accent. He was a man about six feet in height, a good build. He was rather prepossessing in appearance, and when he spoke, his face was particularly attractive, owing to a very genial expression and a somewhat humorous twinkle in his eye. His head was cleanly shaved, all but a short close fringe of hair about an inch long all the way round. He was dressed in a long robe of cream-colored serge that reached down to his ankles, displaying low-cut shoes, and stockings of the same color as his robe. Over this robe he wore another garment, a sort of over-dress without sleeves, composed of black material of a finer grade than the serge. This latter had a sort of cowl or hood attached to it.

He was very polite to the visitors, and informed them that while he would be delighted to show the gentleman all over the establishment it was strictly against all usage to allow a lady the same privilege. Personally, he was entirely at madame's service, but—with a truly Parisian shrug of the shoulders—madame knows we must obey orders. So madame was fain to sit in the reception-room, while her husband explored the monastery, and learned the manners and customs of its inmates; but the lady did not keep a solitary vigil, as a handsome young lay brother did his best to entertain her, although I am sadly afraid he transgressed the rules by talking so much. But, shades of grand St. Antony, was there not a woman in the case? The artist turned to his wife ecstatic. Such pictures he had seen! Oh, if one could always live with these Trappists, there would be no lack of subjects. After going through the dormitories and other portions of the building, he had gone out into the field and watched the brothers at their work of reaping and gathering in the harvest, for they do all their own work, both outdoors and in, even to making their own clothes. No female element is allowed to enter their lives.

As the artist watched the picturesque groups of men performing their silent labor, still in the garb of their order, what effects, tones, values and keys of color were evolved in his mind, as he noted the sun strike on the rich golden brown costume of the lay brothers, forming vivid contrasts to the more sombre hue of those in full orders! And how strange it seemed, all this active life going on about him without a sound being uttered, to see them suddenly fall on their knees while the father whose duty it was would perform the office. For everything is done by rule, and whatever the occupation, it must be suspended when the bell sounds for these religious exercises. Everything worked so automaton-like that it almost appeared like enchantment. Father Alban, the Superior, at length rallied our absorbed friend, by asking him if he would not like to join their order. "Yes, if you will take me in the capacity of special artist," he laughingly replied. "Well, come and live with us a month or two, and see how you would like our life." This proposition was eagerly responded to on the part of the artist, but met with indignant glances from his wife. The worthy father, who was a bit of a wag, quietly gave her a reassuring smile, and proceeded to give her husband a list of the rules laid down for the guidance of his household. No conversation permitted under any circumstances except by special permission of the father, and then as few words as possible must be used. Entire abstinence from meat, fish, eggs, or butter; a very spare quantity of bread, vegetables, and milk only being allowed. The brothers were compelled to rise at 2 a. m. for prayer and meditation. Here the worthy father was interrupted by the artist exclaiming very emphatically, "No, thanks; I won't join." His enthusiasm had been visibly dying out during the father's recital, and the final clause provoked downright rebellion. But they compromised by the artist asking permission to come out the next day, fully equipped with sketching appliances, and the genial father willingly promised to place himself and the brotherhood at his disposal.—*Agnes Fraser Sandham, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

A Fox one day met a Peasant and Remarked that he took great Pleasure in informing him that he had Decided to Reform his Conduct. "Well, I am Heartily Glad of it," replied the peasant, "and I will do all I can to Strengthen your good Resolutions." Next day as the Fox Approached the Peasant's Cottage the man came out and Clubbed him off. "Is this the way you Strengthen my good Resolutions?" exclaimed Reynard in a voice of Pathos. "The less you see of my Chickens the more apt you will be to stick to your good Intentions," replied the Peasant as he heaved another Club. Moral: Don't leave your Watch and a Reformed Burglar Hanging on the same Nail.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Arizona paper makes the following announcement: "We will pay $10 for a good epic poem of 100 lines on the 'Scourge of the Seventeen-Year Locust.' Said poem must be sound in wind and limb, but it must not be all sound; a little sense must be visible. All metaphors must be apt and applicable to the subject. Not more than ten poetic licenses to 100 lines will be allowed. Rhyme not absolutely necessary, but [illegible]. No [illegible]. We reserve the right to work over the poems of all unsuccessful candidates into editorials on the need of a new navy and the failure of the wheat crop."

A North Carolinian Mail-Rider.

The mail-carrier was a lean, sallow, sinewy man, mounted on a sorry sorrel nag, who proved, however, to have blood in her, and to be a fast walker and full of endurance. The mail-rider was taciturn, a natural habit for a man who rides alone the year round, over a lonely road, and has nothing whatever to think of. He had been in the war sixteen months, in Hugh White's regiment,—reckon you've heerd of him?

"Confederate?"

"Which?"

"Was he on the union or confederate side?"

"Oh, union."

"Were you in any engagement?"

"Which?"

"Did you have any fighting?"

"Not reg'lar."

"What did you do?"

"Which?"

"What did you do in Hugh White's regiment?"

"Oh, just cavorted round the mountains."

"You lived on the country?"

"Which?"

"Picked up what you could find—corn, bacon, horses?"

"That's about so. Didn't make much difference which side was round, the country got cleaned out."

"Plunder seems to have been the object?"

"Which?"

"You got a living out of the farmers?"

"You bet."

Our friend and guide seemed to have been a jayhawker and mountain marauder—on the right side. His attachment to the word "which" prevented any lively flow of conversation, and there seemed to be only two trains of ideas running in his mind. One was the subject of horses and saddles, and the other was the danger of the ford we were coming to, and he exhibited a good deal of ingenuity in endeavoring to excite our alarm. He returned to the ford from every other conversational excursion, and after every silence. "I do' know's there's any great danger; not if you know the ford. Folks is carried away there. The Toe gits up sudden. There's been right smart rain lately. If you're afraid, you can get set over in a dug-out, and I'll take your horses across. Mebbe you're used to fording? It's a pretty bad ford for them as don't know it. But you'll get along, if you mind your eye. There's some rocks you'll have to look out for. But you'll be all right, if you follow me."

Not being very successful in raising an interest in the dangers of his ford, although he could not forego indulging in a malicious pleasure in trying to make the strangers uncomfortable, he finally turned his attention to a trade. "This hoss of mine," he said, "is just the kind of brute-beast you want for this country. Your hosses is too heavy. How'll you swap for that one o' yourn?" The reiterated assertion that the horses were not ours, that they were hired, made little impression on him. All the way to Barnsville he kept recurring to the subject of a trade. The instinct of "swap" was strong in him. When we met a yoke of steers, he turned round and bantered the owner for a trade. Our saddles took his fancy. They were of the army pattern, and he allowed that one of them would just suit him. He rode a small flat English pad, across which was flung the United States mail pouch, apparently empty. He dwelt upon the fact that his saddle was new and ours were old, and the advantages that would accrue to us from the exchange. He didn't care if they had been through the war, as they had, for he fancied an army saddle. The Friend answered for himself that the saddle he rode belonged to a distinguished union general, and had a bullet in it that was put there by a careless confederate in the first battle of Bull Run, and the owner would not part with it for money. But the mail-rider said he didn't mind that. He wouldn't mind swapping his new saddle for my old one and the rubber coat and leggins. Long before we reached the ford we thought we would like to swap the guide, even at the risk of drowning. The ford was passed, in due time, with no inconvenience save that of wet feet, for the stream was breast high to the horses; but being broad and swift and full of sunken rocks and slippery stones, and the crossing tortuous, it is not a ford to be commended. There is a curious delusion that a rider has in crossing a swift, broad stream. It is that he is rapidly drifting up stream, while in fact the tendency of the horse is to go with the current.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in August Atlantic.*

A Young Woman Suddenly Famous.

Miss Florence Warden, the suddenly-famous author of the "House on the Marsh," is a plain young woman with clear eyes and a rather strong face. She says of her own career: "After being a stubborn and intractable child under nurses and governesses at home, I was sent, with my sister, to a school at Brighton, where she passed a brilliant career as the idlest, wittiest, and most daring girl in the house; while I sneaked through a mean existence as a steady, industrious girl, not clever, but very conceited. At this time I used to write poems, at night, three or four lines at a time, before the gas was put out. After this we went to school in France and founded a great reputation at private theatricals. This was my first experience as playwright and manager. I left school just in time to learn that through my father's losses on the Stock Exchange I should have to earn my own living. I became a governess for a short time, and worked very hard to qualify myself, not only for teaching, but for novel-writing. At last, as I could get nobody to read my MSS., and as the lady whose five children I was teaching said it was 'a pity I should waste my time on such trash,' I dropped the trash and teaching together, and went on the stage with my sister against everybody's wishes. For three years we had a horrible and dreary struggle with debt, with ill-health, with difficulties of all kinds. Then, on the verge of an illness from which I was not expected to recover, I wrote, in two months, 'The House on the Marsh,' which ran in the *Family Herald* without any success, but which happily for me, hit the taste of the general public in volume form, when it had been noticed by Mr. Edmund Yates in the *World*. Since then I have written other stories, and have made my first serious attempt at writing for the stage.—*New York Tribune.*

The census report this year will not make a very flattering showing for Colorado. The three years just past have been hard ones for miners, and thousands have left the State.

It now turns out that the Thousand Islands, in the St. Lawrence, number nearly 1,600, but there is no reason to anticipate that the name of the resort will be changed.

CROWS AND THEIR WAYS.

Although in view of the fancied dangers of the cornfield, the crows may not risk their precious necks there, they find plenty of other mischief. Their winter's fare has been meagre, and their sooty feathers cover a gaunt and hungry body. May and June shall bring them recompense. These are the crow's feast months, and a sad feast it is for the little birds of sweeter voice. His prying eye peers into every thicket and fencerow, and if he discovers a birdsnest, in a twinkling eggs or fledglings have disappeared in his hungry maw, while the parent birds cry in helpless bereavement and the big black robber derides them in a grating scream. I seldom find pleasure in taking life, but to play the avenger at such times I always account a piece of rare good luck.

Probably more of our song-birds are destroyed by the crow than by all their other enemies combined. The destruction falls heaviest, too, on the shyer, rarer birds who nest in the thick woods, for the commoner species seem to have found that the shade-trees and orchard are safer places for their precious nests than the forest.

The insect-eating birds which the crow destroys are the farmer's best friends. For this reason then the farmer should be, as he generally is, the crow's implacable enemy. It will not tend to soothe this enmity if, as often happens, some little white lamb opens his eyes to the pleasant May sunshine only to have them picked out by a flock of the merciless raveners.

The crow, however, is too wary a bird to be easily destroyed. Shotgun range is pretty well known to him, and he takes good care to keep mankind well beyond it. To kill one with a rifle requires something extra good in either marksmanship or luck. By stealing up to a flock feeding on conveniently-placed offal, one can often kill a number at one shot.

The crow's great inquisitiveness may lead him to destruction. His own call cleverly imitated, in a thick woods, will often bring him within range; but if he discovers the imposture in time, he will wheel quickly away, mocking at you in derision.

But all the black fellow's smartness is not sufficient for him to escape man's various wiles. The legislators of some of the States offer bounties for him. The naturalists, who once defended him, now clamor for his death. And guns and boys and poisoned grain are thinning the black flocks to their proper size.

Like all the rest of the animal world the crow does not wish his race to become extinct. In May the flocks break up into amorous households of two, and retiring to the unfrequented woodlots, set about building their nests. A tall hemlock or spruce with thick top is generally the tree selected. A few rough sticks and twigs for foundation, with a super-structure of softer material, and the nest is ready for its complement of four or five green and brown eggs.

It is a mighty cradle in which the young are rocked, as the great tree sways back and forth in the storm. Their lullaby is the soughing of the breeze through the needles of the evergreens. He who would spoil a crow's nest must have no dizzy head.

The full-grown bird is far from beautiful, but its fledgling is homely beyond comparison. I remember seeing the fruit of a morning's nest robbery, a dozen or more lying in a heap, their ugly bodies a dirty bluish color. As they lay, with unopened eyes and sprawling, naked limbs, a weak whine almost their only sign of life, they were so intensely ugly that it seemed a deed of kindness to put them out of the way. To feed these ravenous little creatures, the parent birds work early and late, and many a little songster's nest is rifled of its treasures to feed the family in the hemlock top.

But the young crows have other enemies besides climbing boys. The hawks must feed, and why not young crow for dinner? The old birds are apt to be on the watch, however, and if a hawk appears in sight they rally all the blackies in the vicinity to the chase, and hover over him in a scolding, bawling mob. The hawk always seems to take the matter very calmly, and sails slowly along, only occasionally, when one of his tormentors comes too near, giving his wing an upward flirt, a sort of warning gesture, like a policeman swinging his club. I have noticed they are careful not to fly under the hawk, but give his talons a wide berth.

The crow's nest is apt to be a noisy place, but when the young ones grow old enough to add their voice to the tumult the din grows tenfold worse. No juvenile rooster trying his voice comes shorter of his parent's performance than do these young crows of the standard "caw." It is not until the leaves have begun to turn that the youngsters' voices lose entirely their infantile rawness.

On the bright days of late autumn the black flocks gather and gossip, as they make a meal, perhaps, in some secluded cornfield, and discuss the probabilities of the coming winter. If it be a mild one a few will remain and eke out a scanty subsistence from the bare woods and fields. But often the whole flock seeks warmer climates; and the farmer, as the snows of December fill the air, says: "Guess we're going to have a hard winter—all the crows have gone."—*Charles Whiting Baker, in The Current.*

The Fish in Jones' Net.

The other night after the thunder shower Jones dropped in on a neighbor and found about a dozen people assembled.

"Well, well, you look cheerful after such a close call," growled Jones, as he removed his hat.

"What close call?"

"Why, lightning struck the barn in the alley not a hundred feet away."

"O, dear!" said one of the women, "but I knew it all the time. One of my arms has been numb ever since."

"And it affected my foot," said another.

"And it set my heart to palpitating."

"And my elbow has felt queer ever since."

Every one in the room remembered to have been shocked, and every one was thankful over the narrow escape.

By and by a boy, who had been thinking deeply, gushed out:

"Why, there is no barn in the alley!"

Amidst the deepest silence everybody remembered this fact, and the boy clinched it with,

"And how could there be, when there is no alley."

Jones had lied, but so had all the others.—*Detroit Free Press.*

More is required of young ladies in society than of young men. A young man need not be beautiful, need not sing, play, or say anything intelligent. He may be positively idiotic and yet get on well in society, as is shown in numerous instances.